

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

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Illustrations by Frederic Thornburgh

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, who he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness.

CHAPTER VII.

The Girl Like Floyd.

Stanton awoke slowly, with a consciousness of physical well-being and singular restfulness. The shades of his room were lowered, but the dazzling sunshine streamed in around edges and through cracks, glittering over a near-by table covered with yellow telegrams, cards, newspapers, hotel memoranda of telephone calls received—all the familiar evidences of the morning after a race. And in the midst of the litter stood an ice-water pitcher containing a mass of pale-yellow roses. Stanton frowned and looked about him for a bell.

Some one rose from a corner and approached the bed.

"Better, sir?" queried a businesslike voice; a distinctly medical young man in glasses gazed down at him.

The full situation came clearly to Stanton.

"All right," he gave brief assurance. "What time is it?"

The young man consulted a watch. "Thirty-eight minutes past twelve. You have slept about eighteen hours, as I figure it. I told Mr. Floyd that was all you needed; you were knocked out by that attack of illness, followed by a day's work that was enough to exhaust a horse. I saw you race, yesterday."

"Where is Floyd?"

"He stayed here until midnight, until you had been sleeping like a baby for five hours. He was nearly all in, himself, but he wouldn't leave until he was sure you were all right. One of the nicest fellows I ever met. He made me promise to stay with you. I," with an expansive smile, "I have got more time than patients, as yet. Here, all this junk came for you, on the table. I have answered seventeen telephone calls and sent off twelve posies in the water-jug. All right?"

"All right, and much obliged," Stanton affirmed, beguiled into smiling, while he glanced casually at the table. "There isn't any one I am in a hurry to see or hear from. I think I will get up; it's breakfast time."

"I think so. Considering it is your first meal for thirty-six hours, I'll order for you. Although I fancy you could digest a rubber tire; you look it. Oh, Mr. Floyd left a note."

Stanton rose to his elbow.

"Where is it?" demanded the man who cared to hear from no one. It was a short note on the hotel stationery, written in a wide-open, legible hand that somehow recalled Floyd's direct gray eyes.

"Dear Stanton: The doctor says you are only tired; and I have got to be in New York by morning. I would not leave you if I could do as I wanted. I hope you will believe that. Cordially,

"JESSE FLOYD."

The letter might have been written by a girl, for its reticence and lack of the personal element, but Stanton was well content. It rang right. He felt vigorously alive and amazingly hungry.

While he was breakfasting, or lunching, and reading the heap of correspondence—which commenced with a congratulatory telegram from the Mercury Company and concluded with a request for his photograph to be used as a speedometer advertisement—Stanton decided upon his course. He would obtain Floyd's address from Mr. Green, and pay a visit of acknowledgment to his impromptu nurse, upon reaching New York. That much was required by ordinary courtesy, at least.

"Got any enemies?" inquired the doctor when taking leave.

"Are you asking for a list of my acquaintances?" Stanton ironically responded.

"Well, I don't want to play detective, but that was a funny kind of indignation you had, according to Mr. Floyd's account. Some of the other racers might have wanted to keep you out of the way."

"No! Do you think you are talking of horse-traders? Once for all, there is nothing like that done."

Which was very true. But after the

subdued medical man had departed, the jug of yellow roses caught Stanton's eye. A card was dangling from the stems, a card, blank this time, except for a penciled legend:

"So glad you were able to race, but so sorry you lost to the Atlanta."

There was no need of signature. Stanton very carefully tore the card into illegible fragments, dragged out the flowers to fling them into the arid fireplace, and rang the bell.

"Bring fresh ice-water," he bade the bell-boy who appeared. "And a time-table for New York."

However, he did not leave Lowell that day, detained by Mr. Green with a score of appointments and arrangements. Nor was it until two days later that he found himself free to seek the address in upper New York which he had wrested from the reluctant assistant manager.

"Floyd asked me not to give it to people," Mr. Green had protested.

"Did he ask you not to give it to me?"

"No, but—"

"Very good; I am not people."

"Don't you see him enough at race times, Stanton? I'm sure he is the best man we have had," fretted his manager.

Stanton was recalling that interview as he went up the stairs of the quiet apartment house indicated. After all, it was true that Floyd might have volunteered his address, himself, if he had wished it known. Perhaps he did not want to see his driver unofficially. A sense of unwelcomeness oppressed Stanton, but he kept on his way. He had never swerved from a course because of the opinions of others; he did not think of turning back now.

Some one was singing, as he reached the fourth floor; singing in a smooth, honey-rich, honey-golden contralto. Warned of his approach by the bell pushed below, the door of the apartment was opened, so that the melody came flooding his hearing with its haunting familiarity. A little old Irishwoman in black silk was peering up at the tall visitor on the threshold.

"Mr. Floyd?" he inquired. "My name is Stanton."

The old servant drew back, smiling invitation, and pushed aside a curtain. And Stanton saw Jessica Floyd rise from her seat at the piano, taking a step to meet him.

She was so like Floyd that he could have cried out in wonder, yet was most purely and softly feminine. She seemed taller, in her clinging pale-blue gown, and even more slender, but Floyd's silver-gray eyes looked out from her long lashes, Floyd's bronze curls clustered around her wide brows, under the braids wound about her head, and her smile was a more

"He was called out of town," she added, after waiting for her silent guest to speak. "He will be sorry to have missed you. From Mr. Green he learned that you had quite recovered, after he left you."

"And he? I hurt his arm."

She glanced up astonished.

"You hurt his arm?"

"I was driving the car," Stanton assumed grim responsibility.

This time she laughed, two adorable dimples starting into view in her cheeks of glowing rose-and-amber velvet; not the complexion of a blonde beauty, nor of a brunette, but some happy intermediate tint that presupposed flawless health and much sunlight. Stanton had never observed any dimples about his mechanician.

"I am certain Jes never thought of that standpoint. He said a turn and a tire were to blame. But his arm is almost well."

She spoke so lightly, with so much of Floyd's own nonchalant acceptance of incidental mishaps, that Stanton was surprised into indiscretion. "You do not worry about him?" he questioned. "You are not nervous about his racing, and racing with me?" Her lashes fell, her face grew serious.

"If anything happens to Jes, I will die too," she slowly answered. "We are—twins. No, I do not worry. Besides, I grew up used to seeing Jes in danger; he told you of his life with father."

"Yes."

"Well, he never had time to be afraid, or I to be afraid for him. You can not be afraid of things you have been doing or seeing done ever since you could understand at all. As ordinary babies are taken out in carriages, Jes was taken out in fast motor-cars. My father could not bear him out of his sight; when Jes was in kilts, he was taken to the factory each day to amuse himself among the workmen and machines."

Profoundly interested, he studied her.

"And you, Miss Floyd? What did you do?"

"I," she turned aside her head, her full, firm young mouth slightly compressed. "When I was fourteen, I said to my father, one morning, 'Daddy, what is to become of Jessica? Jes is learning all he needs to be a man; how is Jes's sister to learn to be a woman?' And he answered me frankly, 'Jessica, I do not know. You have no kinswomen, and I could not endure a stranger in your mother's house. You will have to let Jes be wise for both, except for your nurse's woman-teaching.' So I—did. Jes is Jes and Jessica for both. You are the first visitor who ever followed



She Was so Like Floyd He Could Have Cried Out in His Wonder.

timid reflection of the incarnate sunshine of his.

"I am sorry Jes is not at home," she said, holding out her hand with a natural grace of hospitality that rose above her nervous shyness. "I am Jessica Floyd, Mr. Stanton, his sister."

She was afraid of him. The too obvious fact struck deep into Stanton, as he felt her fingers flutter in his clasp. So this was the reputation he had earned for himself?

"Perhaps I should not have come," he apologized quite humbly. "I—Floyd gave me no warrant for it. But he was very good to me, when I was sick in Lowell, and I wanted to thank him."

She looked at him fully, then, and again he could have cried out at the wonder of so meeting Floyd's straight candor of regard.

"Why should you not come? Jes has not so many friends that they are not welcome in his home. Only, if he had known of your coming, he would have been here."

She moved to a chair, inviting him by a gesture to do likewise, and took up a half-embroidered silk scarf.

him here, and the first I ever received in New York. We are like no one else in the world, I believe."

"You are never lonely?" he wondered.

Her answer he never quite forgot; long afterward its quiet pathos would come back to him.

"Often," she said, and picked up the embroidery.

Stanton was not always gentle, but he had tact enough when he chose to exert it. With a natural change of tone he moved away from personalities, speaking of the race and the race pictures in the pile of newspapers near her. And she responded with charming readiness and understanding.

"Will your brother be home to night?" Stanton inquired, when he rose to go, at the end of a half hour.

"No," she regretted, a trifle hurriedly.

He hesitated, in the grasp of an impulse strong to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Never build a spite fence. It doesn't deaden the sound of your neighbor's piano in the slightest degree.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR MAY 11.

JOSEPH MADE RULER OF EGYPT.

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 41:25-40. GOLDEN TEXT—"God giveth grace to the humble." I Peter 5:5.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Surely Joseph has had enough of deferred hope during his thirteen years of humiliation, yet he did not lose faith in God during those days of the seeming failure of God's Word (Ch. 40:8; 41:16) and now there is dawning the day of his exaltation. Two years have elapsed since the events of last week's lesson and again his powers of interpretation are called into use.

1. Pharaoh's Dreams, vv. 25-32. Pharaoh is perplexed and his perplexity recalls to the butler his forgotten promise to his fellow prisoner, 40:14 and 41:9-13. It does not seem to us that the butler was much possessed by honest sorrow, but rather he is impelled by a desire to secure the advantage he felt sure would accrue if he could succeed in securing for Pharaoh the interpretation of his dreams. He ought to have remembered Joseph before this but even his ingratitude is used of God as a means of bringing Joseph to the fore at the most opportune moment.

Did Not Forget God.

Joseph is a good example for present day church members to follow in that being exalted among men or being away from home he did not forget to confess God. Furthermore his predictions based upon his intelligent knowledge of God came true to the letter. The whole matter, Pharaoh's dream and Joseph's ability as an interpreter were inspired "established" by God. There is no such thing as chance in the spiritual realm any more than in the realm of physics or chemistry. Back of every effort is an adequate cause. Joseph realized this hence his words that, "the thing is established (prepared) by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass."

11. Pharaoh's Deliverer, vv. 33-40.

Joseph told Pharaoh the meaning of his dream which had been repeated and which seemed like two different dreams whereas it was but one in the lesson to be taught. It is not enough, however, to tell a man what is the matter with him, most men know without being told, but it is quite another thing to present a rational cure. Joseph's interpretation commanded Pharaoh's confidence and his suggested policy is one of wisdom and good judgment, viz: (1) a man who shall be the executive supervisor of the plans for meeting the impending catastrophe; (2) a governmental department which shall devote itself solely to this matter, and (3) abundant storage of provisions during the seven years of plenty.

Pharaoh's Wisdom.

This man of piety knew how properly improve his opportunity and Pharaoh saw the secret of Joseph's wisdom (v. 38), "a man in whom the spirit of God is" (2 Tim. 1:7). Pharaoh had the wisdom to set in authority the spirit-filled man, a broad suggestion for voters, business men, and even church members. True discretion is God taught (v. 39) and we now begin to see that Joseph's testimony for God is being honored (Jno. 12:26) and that Joseph was worthy of the honor and power conferred upon him (vv. 40, 41, 44; cf. Matt. 28:18). The source of Joseph's wisdom is open to all (Jas. 1:5), and his worthiness came because of his obedience (Isa. 1:19). His training and testing had prepared him to occupy his exalted position with proper humility and zeal. Faithfulness is of great value and always pays well in the long run. Joseph's exaltation to power is a good type of Christ, (a) in the power bestowed upon him, Jno. 3:35; (b) in that the power was unlimited—all the princes were under his feet, Ps. 105:20-22; Eph. 1:20-22; I Peter 3:22; (c) by the certainty of Pharaoh's promise, "I am Pharaoh," see Ex. 3:13, 14.

Joseph did not use his great power for his own selfish ends as do so many modern rulers among men. He did not at once send for the members of his family and place them in lucrative positions, but at once set about making provision for the future. It has been suggested that the unsuccessful interpreters of Pharaoh's dream must have ridiculed Joseph but he certainly was sustained by the conviction that God's word was true and that the years of famine were certain to come. This ought to admonish us to improve our present, priceless, opportunities (Eph. 5:16). Joseph's open confession was his leaning back upon God.

This story gives us a remarkable revelation of the value of faith as the chief element of strength of a man. It is also a valuable lesson in its revelation of the methods of God in ruling and over-ruling the affairs of men. When we remember Joseph in a pit because of the hatred of his brothers and see him now occupying the supreme place of power in Egypt it seems impossible to reconcile the two events, and yet we see how perfectly natural the order of events are and remember how God is constantly performing these seemingly impossible feats.

Social Forms and Entertainment



Button Party.

"Come and 'buttin'" at our button party on Saturday night at eight;" thus the invitation ran that "Polly" rushed in to show me.

She said they were going to have a button hunt just like the peanut hunts are carried out, and the hostess told her she was making bags of ribbon to put the buttons in and that each person could keep the bag for a souvenir. The hostess gave her this little contest, for me; she is going to ask the questions and write down herself who answers the most questions. The prizes are to be a set of hand-painted shirtwaist buttons, a box of collar buttons.

BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

How should a blind man's buttons be made? With eyes.

What is it that goes around a button? A goat.

What kind of buttons should a Hebrew wear? Jeweled.

Of what should a "masher's" buttons be made? Rubber.

What kind of buttons would a convict like to wear? Cut steel.

What kind of buttons are appropriate for a sexton? Bone.

What kind of buttons are the same as a girl's name? Pearl.

Of what should an agent's buttons be made? Brass.

Of what should a hunter's buttons be made? Gun metal.

I must add two games with buttons that children enjoy, and I am rather certain that they would be good for grownups, too. The first is called "King's Buttons," it is played upon a long drawn out dining room table covered with a blanket. First you have to make the King's Button Brigade by taking three brass buttons, three black ones and three white ones, with eyes or shanks in the back, twist wire hairpins into the eyes to make legs, and stick in corks for feet. Stand the brass "men" nearest the end of the table, then the blackies, then the whites. Each player has ten chances to hit the men with a large marble rolled from the other end of the table. The white men knocked down counts five, the black ten and the brass fifteen. Count is kept on cards, and an assistant stays at the lower end of the table to set up the men and return the marble. This is really good fun, try it. The next pastime has no name, but is played this way: Seat a row of players on each side of the long table, with each row's leader in the middle. A button as large as a fifty-cent piece is given one lead-

er. All the hands on that side of the table are put under it, while the leader passes the buttons to some one on his side, or keeps it, misleading the other side as to its place by talk and actions. The opposite leaders orders hands up. All hands on the button side must be laid on the table, palms down, the button under one of them. All must help, by actions and words, to keep the secret of the button's hiding-place.

The opposite leader tries to discover it, watching faces and consulting with his helpers. His object is to order up one hand after another turned over and taken from the table without uncovering the button. Jokes, tones, laughs, glances, any means, may be used to discover the button or to throw the hunters off the scent. Only the opposite leader can order up a hand. The hands still down when the button shows are counted for the button side, scored, and the button crosses the table.

A Dry Goods Contest.

Here is a stunt to try next time you want a contest. It is especially good to use at a thimble party. These are the directions as given by the hostess after she had passed the cards and pencils. "First write on the card the list of words I read off to you and then when I say 'what do you consider the most appropriate kind of cloth or trimming for the people listed on your cards to buy?' let your answer consist of one word that will describe either the fabric or the pattern or the color of suitable clothing for the personages on your cards, and the reply must refer directly to the occupation of its wearer."

Following is the complete list, and award a prize to the one who answers best or the most according as you wish to decide:

- The artist should dress in canvas.
- The gardener in lawn.
- The dairyman in cheesecloth.
- The editor in print.
- The banker in checks.
- The hunter in duck.
- The dressmaker in haircloth.
- The Scotchman in plaids.
- The prisoner in stripes.
- The government official in red tape.
- The architect in blueprint.
- The minister in broadcloth.
- The jeweler in cotton.
- The undertaker in crepe.
- The barber in mohair. (Does he not mow hair?)

MADAME MERRI.

Wraps Made From Shawl.

The season for short evening wraps is the psychological moment for the woman who possesses one of the hand-some fringed Chinese crepe shawls to get it out and have it made into a stunning wrap. The priceless shawl need not be cut to do this. All that is necessary is to take a loop in one edge to form a Capuchin hood or sling drapery, and the shawl will then adjust itself most gracefully on the shoulders, falling in just the right way. If it is a very large shawl, turn down one edge several inches before making the sling loop, allowing the fringe to fall on the outer side of the wrap, of course. A clasp of some sort should be set at the front, high on the left front, the opposite side of the shawl being lifted to this fastening in soft, graceful manner.

Bonnets of Daintiest Design Complete Fair Autoist's Costume



Time was when the fair autoist concerned herself with the question of what sort of headgear she should choose—whether a hat or a bonnet, but this question doesn't come up now. She will choose a bonnet and among the great number of lovely models it is just a question of "which one." She can hardly make a poor choice; for all the new ones are made to measure up to certain standards. They are soft and comfortable, light in weight and becoming. They are made in all colors, gay and grave, and each is provided with its veil.

In the management of lines about the face there is so much variety that it is worth while to try on a number until one hits upon just the most becoming of them all.

Veils are fastened to the bonnet in any number of ways, but all are detachable and washable. There is almost no trimming other than the veil, but many bonnets are made of two colors and of two different materials as straw braid and messaline silk, braid and chiffon, braid and pongee, etc. Very small, compact nosegays of

ribbon flowers or silk fruits are used perched flat against the brims. Crocheted flowers and ribbon flowers, a single rose and leaves usually, are applied in this way, no more raised than a heavy embroidery. Nothing can blow about except the veil and that only at the will and pleasure of its wearer.

Most of the bonnets have a crown sufficiently large to protect the coiffure without tussling the hair. That shown in the illustration is a good example of the mode. It is of satin braid, made without wires. If carefully packed it will take up little room in a suit case as it is flexible enough to fold up.

Numbers of the new hats answer very well for automobiling when worn with a veil; for their pose on the head is like that of a bonnet. But such is the popularity of the bonnet shapes and the variety of materials from which they are made that it will be a stupid girl who doesn't manage to fashion one for herself or part with a little extra money to the milliner.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.